

PRINCE LOUIS IS MOSTLY MAN "AT HOME."

Found at Work on His Flagship, He Chats with Frankness.

IS "TEDDY'S" FRIEND.

Democratic, Though Royal and Admiral, He Says Idleness Is Distasteful.

BY RUTH EARLE.

His Serene Highness Prince Louis of Battenberg, G. C. B., G. C. V. O., K. C. M. G., Personal Aide de Camp to the King, and Rear-Admiral of the British Navy, is so much a genial gentleman, so much an admiral and, without, so much a prince, that the only way to sum him up seems by saying weakly and vulgarly: "He's all right."

What he is, most of all, is plain man. A prince in lineage, brother-in-law and cousin to royalties and all manner of "Prinzessen, Comtessen and Serene Altesse," an admiral by profession and attainments, and at least a kindly, just and generous gentleman—that is Prince Louis.

And what more can one say of anybody? In spite of all the good report that has run riot about His Serene Highness of Battenberg, I'm afraid I had some what feared to find him something of the proverbial English snob. That, perhaps, is why I "ran alongside" of His Majesty's ship Drake (I was walking down the long Cunard pier to the saloon gangway) with a little needless foreboding eating at my heart. When I met the orderly or sentry, or whatever one does call him, of the very grave face, acting footman to an armored cruiser, my ominous sensations increased.

I looked up at the great, lead-colored battlement, with her grim gables, her bluejackets in swarms, and her stiff officers, and rather wished to stay ashore.

But it was simple after all. I followed my card to the officer of the day on the quarter-deck, and so to somebody else and somebody else, until the first thing I knew, I was stumbling down the companionway to the Admiral's quarters.

Found a Prince at Work. When I came into his cabin aft the Prince was writing at an ordinary office variety of roll-top desk.

It was in the least like calling on royalty, but from all I can imagine it was rather nice. I don't see the use of being "presented" abroad and making a court courtesy and all that sort of thing, when you can board his flagship, invade a Prince-Admiral's cabin and make him stop his royal work while you talk to him.

The best part of it was that Prince Louis is such a courtly gentleman that he preened he didn't mind in the least. If he had been a district leader and I a pre-election day candidate for Alderman the Admiral could not have risen and shaken hands more graciously than he.

"I'm rather busy," he said; "can you wait just a minute?"

An hour, in the cabin of Britain's Royal Rear-Admiral. While the Prince despatched a few hasty notes, I observed, from my point of vantage on the chintz-covered sofa beside his desk his effects, "all his dear families," as the Elephant's Child would have called the hundreds of photographs, and his serene himself.

As every one has read, Prince Louis is dark, with a full beard, a rather long mustache with down and upward curve, hair parted on the side and rather sparse at the crown, keen, kind eyes, and a complexion not so weathered as one might expect. More over, this scion of the nobles houses that in his face which is more difficult to tell of intellect, personality and temperament.

Just saying "how d-y-do" to him is enough to convince one that he is a forceful man, and his figure and bearing, his manner and all bespeak my liege lord. But, then, the delightful part of him is that he would be as charming if you thought him a mere American and not an Austrian Prince.

Quarters Like Suite Ashore. I had a few moments to "take in" the den.

In event of war there would be some talk of clearing for action in that saloon. It is a cabin, disguised as a morning-room, lying to the rear of the Admiral's mess-room. I mean his dining-room—and a very nice one.

The place is peculiarly English. The furnishings are neat green and white chintz-covered sofas and chairs and pretty screens. The steel armor-plated hull is concealed behind white bookshelves and cases filled with history and naval records. In the very stern is a big plate-glass window, or whatever nautical name you call it, that must be on a cruise, with its view of the sea and the "hazer from the screw."

And clear around the room runs the Admiral's family circle—photographs of the exalted of Europe. First there is his wife, Princess Victoria of Hesse, and then the Empress of Russia. This lovely lady holds the places of honor on his desk and adorns the walls—like the hull—in a multitude of boxes. Then there are his daughters, the eldest the Queen of Greece, and his two sons, the younger, a cadet in the Osborne Naval College, and all their other Serene Highnesses, the crowned heads of Europe, his families.

When I saw the photographs of these worthy persons, the objects of a fine fellow's sincere regard, my respect for the reigning dynasty ebbed about one hundred points. Before, I had the

Willing Workers Warmly Welcome World Wants

And so it is that to-morrow, when the Sunday World's Want Directory comes out with its Thousands of Position Offers a new era of prosperity for the working man and woman will start in.



Prince Louis of Battenberg

(Specially posed for an Evening World staff photographer on board of H. M. S. Drake.)

American philistine's disdain for all such. It was only a moment before the Admiral brushed aside his work and we fell to talking about his career; his trip, what a bully place New York would be for big game, if here unofficially, about President Roosevelt, of course, and about Kipling and books. There is a great charm about the Admiral's voice and speech. Alas! he does not blow as a sea dog should. He lacks many of the idiosyncrasies of British speech. His "rs" have a slight German roll, a trace of a youth spent in Austria, nearly impossible to obliterate. He does not say "there" and "there" in the obvious way that sets us Americans chafing. His "als" are not even so broad as those of an Alton after all. He has a tongue to our taste, yet he is very, very English, you know.

He Detests Idleness. He's a good man to talk with because of certain really real fluency, and he has a way of giving individuality to ordinary expressions that is very telling.

When the officer of the day comes in with a message from some blunderer of His Serene Highness says "What the devil!" the phrase has value that most men couldn't give it. When he tells you that he hates fuss and pomp "like poison," the simile is far from trite.

Then his half-fellow-well-met attitude is more gracefully democratic than any mere citizen of the States could muster. Looking for anomalies of royal conduct, I asked him about his entering the British service.

"I was fourteen, and I wanted to work. I couldn't reconcile myself to a life of complete idleness. You know, there wasn't the slightest hope of my inheriting a crown," the Prince laughed, "I went to work."

"Did you forego naval college?" "Yes, I forewent that. That was thirty years ago. I can add up and see how old I am."

"How old were you when you married?" "Thirty."

"Then you weren't a cadet any more?" "No, I was a lieutenant."

"What a pity! It would have been so picturesque for a midshipman to have married a princess!"

"I'm not sure that way," said His Serene Highness.

There was a case full of glittering, shimmering orders just in front of me, and I couldn't resist asking about them. "I just keep them there because they are pretty and people like to look at them," they don't really mean a thing, Admiral, pointing to the crown and star of the order of St. Michael and George. "That was awarded only a few months ago for services in the Admiralty. It's the only one I really prize."

The peculiar two-horn-marked ribbons, that Prince Louis wears habitually across from the lapel of his uniform, and persistently denied my curiosity. I asked about them, too, and gathered that they signified to those of understanding the Admiral's rank. Then we got talking of President Roosevelt, and the Prince told how long he had admired "Teddy" as a truly great man, how the impression of character and personality he had drawn from the President's photographs, speeches, life and course of action were only strengthened by meeting and knowing him.

Great Friend of Roosevelt. "We met not more than four times," said the Prince, "but we talked of politics, books, navies, men. We are great friends."

His Serene Highness said some very clever and appreciative things about Mr. Roosevelt, which I mostly forgot,

LOVEORN COUNT PINES IN PRISON

Three Years for Writing Threatening Letters to Pretty Pupil.

GIRL SPURNS TEACHER.

Tuscan Nobleman Taught Her Languages and Made Ardent Love to Her.

Count Dominico de Compagnano, of No. 209 Palladium avenue, Jersey City, was taken to Trenton to-day to serve three years in prison for a too violent expression of a seething, scorching, blistering love.

His greatest offense was in loving the wrong girl and in importing Tuscan methods of getting her. But Palladium avenue is a long way from Tuscany, and Miss Maria Daneri did not understand that if the chosen bride of a nobleman decline the offer of marriage, she has to be kidnapped, her parents slain and herself carried to the tall mountains by black brigands.

No. Maria did not understand the bandit code, and she told the police that the Count had been writing her, first love letters, then letters of severe threats.

The Count had been a teacher of languages. Neighbors had heard vague stories of him having been deported of his Italian estates by the Government and of his exile for political reasons. It was said also that he had had a brush or two with a few Black Hand, Mafia, Comora and other Italian bands, and that he had lived in America.

Maria lived at No. 41 Palladium avenue, and as she was a talented miss her parents sent her to De Compagnano to learn a few extra languages. The result was that she was unemotionally, his heart, and when his attentions became too assiduous she stopped learning languages.

Then the count commenced addressing letters of a most passionate nature. She did not reply. She laughed. Then came the letters of anger in which he told her of the many things which would happen to her and her family if she did not flee with him as his bride. Miss Daneri consulted her parents and the police were called in.

The professor of languages was arrested and in court he pleaded guilty to the indictment and was sentenced to three years in prison. It was the most severe sentence given for such an offense in many years, and it was understood that the court accepted Compagnano's mood as dangerous to the girl if he were at liberty, and that the best thing would be to put him where he could do no harm.

Met His Love In Dreams. Some of the letters the "Count" wrote follow:

My love, my life, sleeping I dream of thee, waking I love you. Your parting words continually ring in my ears. You said at parting that farewell most goodby. Does farewell mean that I may hope? Hope! What a soul-inspiring word! Without it I would lose all ambition and give up life's struggle. I hope I live. Do you want me to die? Ever, thine, CAMPANASSO.

My love, I am a dreamer. I have dreamed of you at the altar with another. Are dreams true? Sweetheart, tell me you love me still. Tell me that your love has never diminished. Tell me that dreams are not true and that no one else has won your heart. Is it to me, my love, that you have said "I love you"? Is it necessary that I tell you I would dare anything for your sweet sake? Your word is my command. I rest my head on your breast and I sleep. I sleep to meet you again in my dreams. Lovingly, C. D.

"Ambrosia of the Gods." Beloved One, I have not heard from you. One letter from you would transform earth into heaven. Will you allow me to long for eternal bliss? Just write me a line. Tell me that you love me. I will be like the ambrosia of the gods. I subsist on hope of receiving a letter from you. Who is to starve? Every sound of nature reminds me of you. The trees sing "Marie," the sighing of the winds "Marie," the rustling of the leaves "Marie," the purring of the brook and the dash of the waves against the shore say "Marie." Do you doubt my word? Tell me that you love me and I am satisfied. Lovingly, CAMPANASSO.

Revenge Is Strong. My inspiration, my heart's desire, still silence. It is driving me to madness. Why do you not write? Tell me at least that you are free of heart. That you have another admirer makes my brain reel, my senses stagger. Blood dances before my eyes. Tempt me, tempt me by your silence. Love is strong within me, but revenge is stronger still. I frighten you, dear heart? I should not do so. I humbly crave your pardon. Help me. Tell me that your love has not waned. Tell me that my consuming love is not for naught. Tell me you love me. In remorse, YOUR SWEETHEART.

Hopes to Survive Reception. "Do you dread the festivities before you?" I queried. "No, I shall enjoy them, if only I come out alive at the end of the week." "But before I went ashore I saw the ship from the Conning-tower to the gun-tub. This last is like a big butter-bug, bound in heavy bands of brass and ornamented with the British tunic. 'God Save the King'."

Beside the tub were rows of New York "dear-wives," and I meditated that at no point of a jockey's day was he so likely to wish his monarch salvation as when he received his nuptial ring. The ensign who was doing guard duty gave me this recipe from His Serene Majesty's Book of Naval Recipes: "Grog. Mix one part of rum with two of water and serve in cans."

The ship's carpenters were busy fitting the hull to the main deck and the main deck to the hull. The carpenter who was doing guard duty gave me this recipe from His Serene Majesty's Book of Naval Recipes: "Grog. Mix one part of rum with two of water and serve in cans."

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NO WARRANT FOR TAMMANY LEADER

John McCullagh Opens Mysterious Office in Hearst's Interest.

PUSHING FRAUD CASES.

Hearst Denies Any Intention of Attempting to Seize Mayoralty on Jan. 1.

Clarence Shearn, of counsel for William R. Hearst, denied to-day that there is a warrant out for a Tammany district leader. He said no warrant had been applied for.

"There are many rumors afloat," said Mr. Shearn, "that have no basis of fact. We are preparing this case just as we would prepare a big law case. A conference of counsel will be held this afternoon."

John McCullagh former Superintendent of Elections, and his former Deputy, Van Dusen, have opened an office on the seventh floor of the building at No. 140 Nassau street, and are organizing a corps of investigators. McCullagh is mysterious and secretive about what he proposes to do. He is in constant touch with the Hearst campaign managers.

Hearst will Abide by Law.

Mr. Hearst's attention was called to a report that he would present himself at the City Hall on Jan. 1 and be sworn in as Mayor if the contested election should not be settled by that time. He pronounced the report ridiculous and said that whatever the result of the proceedings he would do nothing not strictly legal.

A covered fish cart, drawn by one horse and escorted by a mounted policeman, conveyed a number of registration books, tally sheets and other election papers from One Hundred and Forty-fifth street and Third avenue to the office of Superintendent of Elections Morgan this afternoon. The papers are from the Thirty-fourth Assembly District. No one could be found who would indicate the purpose in bringing them to Mr. Morgan's office.

Many women, keepers of rooming houses, in hope of getting one of the numerous rewards, have flocked to headquarters with false tales of floaters and repeaters who were lodged in their houses. Deputies are sent out to investigate the stories of all these women.

Big Meeting of Protest.

At the meeting of protest to be held to-night by the Citizens' Protective League, in Durland's Academy, W. R. Hearst and Thomas Lawson will make speeches. Every effort is to be made to make the affair as non-partisan as possible. Others who will protest against the alleged conditions which prevailed on Tuesday are the Rev. Robert S. MacArthur and the Rev. John P. Peters; also Dr. E. Farmer Brown, Vice-President of the League; Floyd Price, Secretary, and Arthur T. Hardy, Treasurer.

Gov. Higgins to-day denied an accusation to have the ballot boxes stored in armories and guarded by troops until they are needed in the contest.

IN FEAR OF DEATH WOMAN RUNS AWAY

Jennie Camden Leaves Town and Friend Causes John H. Morgan's Arrest.

John H. Morgan, of No. 521 West Fifty-seventh street, was arraigned before Magistrate Barlow, in the West Side Court to-day charged with threatening to kill Miss Jennie Camden, a pretty young man, of No. 423 West Forty-seventh street, who had refused to marry him.

The young woman was not in court. Mrs. Florence Bohart, of the same address, appeared as complainant. She said that Miss Camden had fled the city and gone to Baltimore, fearing that Morgan will carry out his threat to murder her if she pressed her complaint. Morgan denied the charge, but the Magistrate held him in \$500 bail for Special Sessions.

There Is a Romance Behind Suicide To-Day of Gustav Tausig.

Gustav Tausig, forty years old and single, shot himself in the right temple this morning at the home of Edward Pliskow, No. 522 West One Hundred and Forty-fifth street, where he had boarded for years.

Mrs. Pliskow heard the shot and called her husband, who forced the door and found Tausig dying. He was a well-to-do contractor and builder. His business affairs were in good shape, but he said that he had been refused by a young woman to whom he was attentive.

CROWDED TROLLEY ABLAZE.

Passengers Jump and One Woman Gets Bad Bruises and Shaking Up.

PATERSON, N. J., Nov. 11.—A crowded trolley of the White Line caught fire last night, and a semi-panic followed. Several men and a few women jumped off the car while it was in motion, but all escaped serious injury with the exception of one woman, who fell heavily, and was badly shaken and bruised.

An alarm of fire was turned in, but the car was badly burned before the blaze was extinguished.

SURVIVED 2,300 VOLTS.

(Special to The Evening World.) GREENFIELD, Mass., Nov. 11.—Rollo Kinsman, employed by the electric light company, had a current of 2,300 volts pouring through his body for several minutes yesterday while he hung, apparently lifeless, over a bracket twenty feet from the ground.

His companion rushed to a telephone and called the current cut off. After vigorous treatment he recovered consciousness.

ACTRESS ILL FROM APPENDICITIS.



Edna Wallace Hopper.

MAN TAKES POISON IN CENTRAL PARK

Japanese Cook Removed to Hospital and Will Recover.

S. Nishida, a thin, poorly nourished and partly deaf Japanese cook, tried to kill himself in Central Park to-day by drinking a quantity of carbolic acid from a bottle. A small boy, passing through Fifty-ninth street near the Sixth avenue entrance of the Park, saw the Japanese swallow the poison and fall on the lawn.

The boy called Policeman Armstrong of the Park Squad, who sent for an ambulance from Roosevelt Hospital. Nishida was hurried to that institution, where he was pumped out of him and he was put into bed to await arrangement in the West Side Police Court on a charge of attempted suicide.

Nishida refused to tell why he had tried to end his life, but his appearance showed that he had lived at No. 17 Concord street, Brooklyn, and had been a cook on vessels in the United States Navy.

Rev. Ishikawa says that Nishida comes from a respectable and well-to-do family in Japan. He spent five years in Syracuse University, coming to New York about five years ago and seeking employment as a house servant. Nishida was not steady. He had reported blood and refused to work when he had money. About three months ago he got a good position and remained in it until last week when he resigned and started out to spend his savings. Last Thursday evening he was at the Mission, practically penniless and very despondent. Rev. Ishikawa believes that the young man's mind is affected.

Rich Builder, Love Scorned, Ends Life.

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Runaway Car in Harlem Hurts Two.

Motorman and Passenger Jump Before Collision and Escape Severe Injury.

Car No. 2,015, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street cross-town line, was speeding last night, when the motorman and passenger jumped out of the car and escaped severe injury.

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NO WARRANT FOR TODD'S LAWYER

Crane Decides There Is No Reason for Lockwood's Arrest.

LATER WILL WAS SEEN.

Undertaker Radcliffe's Affidavit Used Against Adviser of the Woman.

Magistrate Crane, in the Centre Street Police Court, to-day refused to issue a warrant for the arrest of Ingersoll Lockwood, formerly attorney for Mrs. Margaretta Todd, the aged and wealthy New York woman who was found dead on the railroad tracks in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

George Gordon Hastings, counsel for Mrs. Rosalie Tousey, only daughter of Mrs. Todd, applied for the warrant, charging Lockwood with having withheld the last will of the decedent, and of having filed an earlier will which made him a legatee and trustee of her valuable estate.

Magistrate Crane did not say on what grounds he refused to issue the warrant. The application was accompanied by affidavits by Daniel O'Reilly, counsel for Milton Wertheim, grandson of Mrs. Todd.

Saw Will of 1903.

The application for the warrant was based on an affidavit sworn by A. Radcliffe, manager of the Stephen B. Radcliffe Burial Company, who swore that Lockwood called there the day after Mrs. Todd's death, and said he wanted the body cremated at once. Radcliffe, he says, asked Lockwood for his authority, and Lockwood replied he was "the poor old woman's lawyer."

Radcliffe, he says, asked for further authority, whereupon Lockwood said he was the executor of Mrs. Todd's estate under a will which he then had in his pocket. Radcliffe asked to see it, and Lockwood, he says, took from his pocket what purported to be the last will and testament of Margaretta Todd, executed in 1903, signed by Mrs. Todd and naming her daughter, Rosalie Tousey, as sole executrix.

When Radcliffe, he says, called Lockwood's attention to the fact that the will did not name him as executor he seemed confused, put the will back in his pocket and went away, saying he would return later with the necessary authority. He did not do so. Instead the body was given to Mrs. Todd's relatives, who had an autopsy made.

Filed Will of 1902.

Three days after Mrs. Todd's death Lawyer Lockwood offered to the Surrogate for probate as her last will and testament an instrument bearing date of 1902 and naming Lockwood as sole executor.

Before Manager Amory, of Mrs. Todd's hotel, the Von Hoffman, went to Philadelphia yesterday he called at District Attorney Jerome's office by request and made a statement to Assistant District Attorney Smyth covering, as alleged, all he knew about Mrs. Todd's disappearance and her relations with Lawyer Lockwood.

AMORY'S STORY ROUSES POLICE.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 11.—G. W. Amory, the manager of Mrs. Margaretta Todd's hotel, the Von Hoffman, was in conference here with Acting District Attorney Chester Farr, Coroner Dugan and Capt. Donaghy, chief of city detectives. He came voluntarily to go over details of the case with the local authorities.

Last night Acting District Attorney Chester Farr made it clear that Amory gave evidence which may prove to be of the utmost importance. He stated that six more detectives had been put on the case as a result of Amory's statement.

COFFEE SLUGGING

A Smooth Artful Worker.

Coffee with some people produces partial congestion of the liver, and that in turn makes headaches and various diseases.

But if heavier doses of the drug are taken the victim will feel a temporary relief while the effects of the drug lasts.

So with a man knocked down with a blow. Hit him again until unconscious and he doesn't realize the pain, the protest nature sets up against hurt. It is a sure road to more and more serious trouble to drug more to try and escape the penalty. The pay day is sure and Mother Nature must be paid in full. An experience in illustration comes from Pa.

"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from headaches, and nervousness; would wake early in the morning in such pain that I thought it would be a privilege to die. At times it would be a violent sick headache, at others severe nervous headache."

"I often consulted my physician, but he could give me no relief—medicines did no permanent good. In the mean time I had learned that two or three cups of strong coffee would relieve an attack or lessen its severity; also, that when I did without coffee the headache was sure to come on."

"I got worse and worse and was so nervous that the least noise drove me wild. I told the doctor about this one day, and he at once said 'You ought never to drink coffee!'"

"At the same time he advised me to try Postum Food Coffee, saying it was used in his family. I quit the old kind of coffee at once, and began on Postum, which proved to be, when made right, a most palatable and delicious beverage. At once I began to improve, and now I need only to say that during the years I have used it I have been completely restored—my headaches are gone, my nerves are steady, the constipation that used to trouble me no longer does so. I have increased in weight and my brain is clear and quick." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. to the extent of \$5.00.

Fireman Loses His Life on Duty.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 11.—John Ayres, a fireman, lost his life yesterday in a fire which damaged the wholesale clear store of Yahn & McDonnell, Fifth and Chestnut streets, to the extent of \$5,000.

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MRS. BOHART AND MAN SHE ACCUSED.